

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots, a-
gainst his brother Clarence : The pitifull
murder of his innocent Nephewes : his
tyrannous usurpation : with the
whole course of his detested life,
and most deserved death.

*As it hath beene Acted by the Kings
Maiesties Servants.*

VVritten by *William Shake-speare.*



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БОДА
и съ мотком на



Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Now is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious summer by this Sonne of Yorke:
And all the clouds, that lowr vpon our house,
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visag'd warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimblly in a ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amourous looking-glaſſe;
I that am rudeſt ſtampt, and want loues maiesty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph,
I that am curtailed of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfinitiſt ient before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
And that ſo lameſy and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to paſie away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my shadow in the funne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine these faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of theſe dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

The Tragedy

By drunken prophesies libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false and trecherous ;
This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which fayes that G.

Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Diu thoughts downe to my soule, Enter *Clarence* with
Heere *Clarence* comes, a Guard of Men.
Brother, good dayes, what meane this arned guard
That waits vpon your grace ?

Cla. His Maiesty tending my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cauile ?

Cla. Because my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He shold for that commit your god-fathers :
O belike his Maiesty hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know ?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophesies, and dreames,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,
And fayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodville her brother there,
That made him send L. *Hastings* to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuerned ?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla.

of Richard the Third.

Cla. By Heauen I thinke there is no man feuent
But the Queenes kindred, and night walking heralds
That truge betweene the King and Mistris *Shore* :
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliuery ?

Glo. Humbly complainyng to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her livery,
The iealous ore-worme widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen:
Are mighty gofips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me.
His Maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so and please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may pertake of any thing we say :
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wife and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We say that *Shores* Wife hath a pretie foote,
A chery lip a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue :
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folks :
How say you sir, can you deny all this ?

Bro. VVith this(my Lord)my selfe hath nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with Mistris *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth nought with her excepting one,
VVere best to do it secretly alone,

Bro. VVhat one my Lord ?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldest thou betray me ?

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for
Your conference with the noble Duke. (bear-

Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
VVere it to call King *Edwards* widdow sister,

The Tragedy

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neyther of vs well.

Glo. Well your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cla. I must perforce, farewell. *Exit Cl.*

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt neere retorne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Hastings*.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,
Glo. As much vnto my good L. Chamberlaine:
Well, you are welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pitty that the Egles should be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad.

Hast. No newes so bad abroad asthis at home:
The King is sickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily,

Glo. Now by Saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an ill dyet long,
And ouer much consumed his royll person,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Hast.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till *George* be packt with post-horse vp to heaven:
He in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

With

of Richard the Third.

Which lies well steeled with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy
And leue the world forme to bussell in,
For then ile marry *Warwicks* youngest daughter,
What though I kill her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto,
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still liues, *Edward* still raignes,

When they are gone,then must I count my gaines. *Exit*,

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of *Henry the sixt*.

La. Set downe, set downe, your honourable Lord.
If honour may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaster*,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,
Thou bloodlesse remant of that royll blood,
Be it lawfull that I invoke thy Ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfe same hands that made these holes
Loe in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpelesse balme of my poore eyes,
Curst be the hand that made the fatal holes,
Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If ever he haue child, abortine be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

The Tragedy

If euer he haue wife let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,

As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.

Come now towards Chersy with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be in interred there:

And still as you are weary of the waight, Enter
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* corse. *Glocester.*

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe.

La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds:

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeys?

Gen. Stand backe and let the coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmannerly dog, standit thou when I command,
Aduaunce thy halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnesse.

La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
Alasse, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell,
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,

Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not so curst.

La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fil'd it with cursing cryes, and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy blitcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh,
Blush, blush, thou lumpie of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwells.
Thy赤inhume and vnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnaturall,
Oh God, which this blood mad'it, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkes, reuenge his death;
Either heauen with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or

of Richard the Third.

Or Earth gape open wide , and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad , bleisings for curses,

La. Villanne , thou knowest no law of God , nor man.
No beast so fierce , but knowes some touch of pitty,

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when diuels tell the truth,

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue mee leauue,
By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue mee leauue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee , let mee haue
Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinkethee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by disparaging shouldest thou stand excuside
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst , vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead :
But dead they are and diuelish slauie by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then hee is aline.

Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy soule throat thou liest. Queene Margret say
Thy bloody faulchion smooking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that my brother beat aside the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue.
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltlness shouders

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde.
Which never dreamt on ought;but butcheryes :
Didst thou not kill this King ? *Glo.* I grant yee,

The Tragedy

L.a. Doeſt grant mee hedgehog, then God grant mee too
Thou maiest bee damned for that wicked deede.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

L.a. Hee is in Heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thankemee that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then Earth.

L.a. And thou vnit for any place but Hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare mee name it.

L.a. Some Dungeon. Glo. Your bed-chamber.

L.a. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieft.

Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.

L.a. I hope ſo.

Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady Anne,
To leauue this kind encounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a flower methode :
Is not the cauer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward.
As blamefull as the executioner ?

L.a. Thou art the caufe, and moſt accurſt effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt mee in my ſleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your sweete boſome.

L.a. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſenailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekeſ.

Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by :
As all the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

L.a. Blacke night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curſe not thy ſelſe faire creature, thou art both.

L.a. I would I were to bee revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be revenged on him that loueth you.

L.a. It is a quarrell iuft and reasonable,
To bee revenged on him that ſlew my Husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

L.a.

of Richard the Third.

L. His better doth not breath vpon the Earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could

L. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.

L. Why what was hee ?

Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature,

L. Where is hee ?

Glo. Heere. *Shee spitter at him.*

Why doest spit at him ?

L. Would it were mortall poysone for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poysone from so sweete a place.

L. Neuer hung poysone on a fouler Toade,

Out of my site thou doest infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lady haue infected mine.

L. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death.

Those eyes of thine, from mine hauedrawne salt teares,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,

I neuer sued to frinds nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learme sweete smoothing words.

But now thy beauty is proposde my fee ;

My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speake,

Teach not my lips such scorne, for they were made

For kissing Lady not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,

Loe here I lend thee this sharp poynted sword,

Which if you please to hide in this true bosome,

And let the soule forth that adorneth thee :

I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake ;

And humbly beg the death vpon my Knees.

Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me :

Nay now dispatch, twas I that Kild King Henry,

But twas thy heauenly face that set me on : *Heere she lets*

Take vp thy sword againe, or take vp me. *fall the Sword*

L. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

L. I haue already.

The Tragedy

Glo. Tush that was in thy rage :
Speake it againe , and euен with the word,
That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue , kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt bee acceslary.

La. I would know thy heart

Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.

La. I feare mee both are false.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well,well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to were this ring.

La. To take is not to giue.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
VVere both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracieus hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.

La. What is it ?

Glo. That it would please thee leauue these sad desines
To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosby place,
Where after I haue solemnly enterred
At Chertsey Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For diuers vnowne reasons , I beseech you
Grant mee this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent :

Tressill and Barily , goe a long with mee.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserue :
But since you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already

Exit.

Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.

Ser. Towards Cherife noble Lord ?

Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comming :

Was cuer woman in this humour woed? Exe. Manet Glo.

Was cuer woman in this humour wonne ?

Ile haue her , but I will not keepe her long.

What ? I haue kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate :

With curses in her mouth,teares in her eyes,

The bleeding witnesſe of her hatred by :

Hauing God,her conscience, and theſe barres against mee :

And I nothing to backe my ſute withall

But the plaine Diuell and diſemblung lookeſ.

And yet to win her all the world is nothing ? Hah ?

Hath ſhee forgot already that braue Prince

Edward her Lord,Whom I ſome three moneths ſince

Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury ?

A ſweeter and louelier Gentleman,

Framd in the prodigality of nature :

Yong, valiant, wife, and no doubt right royall,

The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.

And will ſhee yet debace her eyes on mee,

That cropt he golden prime of this ſweet Prince,

And made her widdow to a woefull bed

On me , whose all not equals Edwards moity,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus ?

My Duke domē to bee a beggerly denier,

I doe miſtake my perſon all this while,

Vpon my life ſhe finds although I cannot

My ſelfe, to bee a maruaulous proper man,

Ile bee at charge for a Looking -glaſſe,

And entartaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors

To ſtudy faſhions to adornē my body,

Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,

I will maintaine it with a little coit.

But firſt ile turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine out faire ſunne, till I haue brought a glaſſe,

That I may ſee my shadow as I paſſe. Exit.

Enter

The Tragedy

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his Maiesy,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If hee were dead what would betide of mee ?

Rs. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To bee your comforter when hee is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority
Is put in the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loues not mee , nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded hee shall bee Protector ?

Qu. It is determined , not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarriy, Enter Buck, Darby.

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royll grace.

Dar. God make your Maiesy ioyfull as you haue beene.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby.
To your good prayers will scarce say , amen :
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not mee, bee you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancy.

Dar. I beseech you eyther not beleue.

The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if shee bee accused in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby ?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his Maiesy.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords ?

Buc. Madam, good hope,his grace speakes chearfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam wee did, Hee desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers.
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine.

And

of Richard the Third.

And sent to warne them of his royll presence.

Qu. Would all were well , but that will never bee.
I feare our happynesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester,*

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it.

Who are they that complaine vnto the King ?

That I forsooth am sterne loue them not :

By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such diffentious rumours :

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue and cog
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtehe;
I must bee held a rankerous enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue and think no harme
But thus in simple truth must bee abusde
By filken slie insinuating Jackes ?

Ri. To whome in this presence speake your grace.

Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.
When haue I ingured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee , or any of your faction ?
A plague vpon you all. His royll person
(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)
Cannot bee quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester , you mistake the matter ;
The King of his owne royll disposition,
And not prouoke by any fater else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe .
Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. i cannot tell , the world is growne so bad,
That *wrens* way prey where *eagles* dare not pearch,
Since every iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a iacke.

Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster*.
You enuy mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant wee never may haue neede of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that wee haue neede of you
Our

The Tragedy

Our brother is imptisioned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced , and the Nobility
Held in contempt,whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly given to enoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raiide mee to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I never did infince his Maiesy
Against the *Duke of Clarence* , but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord , you doe mee shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw mee in , such vyle suspect.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Rin. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may. *L.Ringers*, why who knowes not so ?
She may do more sir then denying that :
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not ? she may, yea marry may she.

Rin. What marry may shee ?

Glo. What marry may shee ? marry with a King
A batcheler , a hanosome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My L.of *Glocester* , I haue to long borne
Your blunt ypbraiding , and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesy,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country seruant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted,scorned, and baited at,

Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Enter Qu.* *Margret.*

Qu. Mar. And lesched be that small,God I beseech thee,
Thy honour , state , and seat is due to mee.

Glo. What ? threat you mee with telling the King ?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King :
Tis time to speake , when paines are quite forgot,

Qu. Mar.

of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Out Diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Tewxbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King,
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends :
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Gray*,
Were factious for the House of *Lankaster* :
And *Rivers*, so were you. Was not your husband
In *Margrets* battaile at *Saint Albons* slaine :
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beeene ere now, and what you are :
Withall, what I haue beeene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine: and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicks*,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which *Iesu* pardon)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge

Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the Crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp.
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pityfull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leauue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of *Glocester* in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followd then our Lord, our lawfull King.
So shold we you if you shold be our King.

Glo. If I shold be ? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy(my Lord)as you suppose
You shold enjoy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse;

The Tragedy

I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me :
Which of you tremble not that looke on me ?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by you disposed, you quake like rebels :
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'it thou in my sight?

Qu. Mar. But repition of what thou haft mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe :
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence :
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty Rutlard :
His curses then from biternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iulf is God to rite the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Mar. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me ?
Did Torkes dread curse preuaile so much with heaven,
That Henryes death my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answe for that pecuiful brat ?
Can curses pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen ;
Why then gine way dull Clouds to my quicke curses ?
If not by warre, by surfeſt die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

of Richard the Third.

Edward my sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward my sonne, which was the Prince of Wales,
 Died in his youth by like untimely violence,
 Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
 Out-lieue thy glory, like my wretched selfe :
 Long mayst thou live to waile thy childrens losse,
 And see another, as I see thee now
 Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine :
 Leng dye thy happy dayes before thy death,
 And after many lengthned houres of griefe,
 Dye neyther mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
 And so wast thou Lord Hastings, when my sonne
 Was stald with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
 That none of you, may liue your naturall age,
 But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Q.Mar. And leaue out thee? stay dog for thou shall heare

If heauen haue any gricuous plague in store, (me,
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee :
 O let them keepe it till thy tennes be ripe,
 And then hurle downe their indignation
 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace :
 The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
 Thy friends suspect for traytors whilſt thou liuest,
 And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
 No sleepe elote vp the deadly eyes of thine,
 Vnleſe it be whilſt ſome tormenting dreame
 Afrighteth thee with a hell of vgly diuels,
 Thou eluiſh markt, abortiuē rooting hog,
 Thou that wast feald in thy nativity
 The flauē of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
 Thou flander of thy mothers heauy wombe,
 Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margret.

Q.Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha?

Q.Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. Then cry thee mercy : for I had thought.

The Tragedy

Thou hast cald me all these bitter names,

Q. Mar. Why so I did, but looke for no reply :
O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curse againt your selfe.

Q. Mar. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
Why strewst thou Sugar on that botled spider, (tune :
Whose deadly webbe insnareth thee about ?

Foole, foole, thou whetst a Knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse that poysoned bunch-backt Toade,
Hast. False boasting woman, end thy frantick curse,

Leaft to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.)

Q. Mar. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd
R. Were you well seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serue me well, you should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects,
Obserue me well and teach your selues that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

Q. Mar. Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant :

O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what'were to loole it, and be miserable ?

They that stand high, haue mighty blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash them to pieces.

Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marquesse.

Dors. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high.

Our Aiery builddeth in the Cädars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

Q. Mar. And turnes the Sunne to shade, alas, alas.

Witnesse my sunne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath,

Hath in eternall darkenesse foulde vp :

Your Aiery builddeth in our Aieries neast.

O God that seest it, doe not suffer it :

As it was wonne with blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Vrge neyther charity nor shame to me,

Vncha-

of Richard the Third.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amity with thee,
Now fate befall thee and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor none heere, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the ayre.

Q. Mar. Ile not beleue but they affend the ſkie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dogge,
Looke wher he fawnes he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell, hath ſet their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth ſhee ſay my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gratiuous Lord.

Q. Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And footh the diuell that I warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay, poore *Margret* was a Prophetesse,
Liue each of you, the ſubiekt of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to God. *Exit.*

Hast. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curſes.

Rim. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at liberty?

Glo. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
Shee hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.

Hast. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hotte to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking on it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd,

The Tragedy

He is frankt vp to satting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Ri. A vertuous and Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Glo. So doe I euer being well aduised,
For had I curft, now I had curft my selfe.

Casf. Maddam his Maiesty doth call for you :
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.

Qu. *Catesby* we come, Lords will you goe with vs ?

Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. *Exeunt Manet*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to braule, *Glo.*

The secret mischiefe that I set a broach,
I lay vnto the greuious charge of others:

Clarence, whom I indeed haue layd in darkness:

I doe beweepe too many simple gulls:

Namely, to *Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,*

And say it was the *Queene*, and her allies.

That stires the King against the Duke my brother.

Now they beleue me, and withall wish me

To be reuenged on *Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,*

But then sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,

Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for euill:

And thus I cloathe my naked villany

With old odde ends, stolen out of holy writ,

And seeme a Saint, when most I play the diuell.

But soft, here comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*

How now my hardy stout resolued mates,

*n*ers.

Are yea not going to dispatch this deed ?

Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,

When you haue done, repaire to Crosby place,

But firs, be suddaine in the execution :

Withall, obdurate ; doe not heare him pleade,

For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhaps

May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.

Exe. Tush, feare not my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good doers be assured :

We come to vise our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Gle. Your eies drop milstones, when fooles eies drop teares
I like you Lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace so heavily to day ?

Cla. O I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly fightes, of gaſtly dreameſ :
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t were to by a world of happy dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.

Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cla. Me thought I was imbarkeſt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother *Gloceſſer*,
Who from my Cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there he lookeſ towards *England*,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lankaſter*,
That had befallen vs : as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy ſooting of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Gloceſſer* ſtumbled and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine :
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What a ſight of death within mine eyes ;
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnualed Jewels.
Some lay in dead mens Sculs, and in thofe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As if it t were in ſcorne of eyes, reſleſting gems
Whiſh wade the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mokt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.

Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe ?

Cla. Me thought I had : for ſtill the eniuious flood
Kept in my foule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the empty, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But

The Tragedy

But smothered it within my panting bulke.
Which almost burst to belch it in the Sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie ?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of per, euall night :

The first that there did greete my strangers soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke Monarchie afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,

A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,

Dabled in blood, and he squeakt out a lond.

Clarence is come, false, fleeting periurd *Clarence*,

That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:

Seize on him Furies, take him to your tormentes,

With that me thought a legion of foule feinds

Enuironed me about, and houled in mine eares,

Such hideous cries, that with the very noyse,

I trembling wakt, and for a season after,

Could not beleue but that I was in hell,

Such terrible imprecision made the dreame.

Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,

Which now beares evidence against my soule,

For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me :

I pray thee gentle Keeper stay by me,

My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord,) God give your grace good rest,

Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres

Makes the night morning, and the noone-tide night.

Princes haue but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toyle:

And for vnfelt imaginacions,

They often feele a world of restlesse cares:

So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.

In Gods Name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe? my legs,

2 Ext. O fr. it is better to be briefe then tedious,

Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *He readeis it.*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuier
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Here are the keyes there fits the Duke asleepe.
Ile to his Maiestie, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

Exe. Doe so, it is a poynyt of wisedome.

2 What shal we stab him as he sleepes?

1 No, then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2 When he wakes,

Why foole he shall never wake till the iudgement day.

1 Why then he will say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 The vrging ofthat word iudgement, hath bred a kinde
of remorse in me.

1 What art afraid?

2 Not to kill him, hating a warrant for it, but to be damnd
for killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.

1 Backe to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
change, twas went to hold me but while one could tell xx.

1 How dost thou seele thy selfe now? (me.

2 Faith some certaine dreggs of conscience are yet within

1 Remember our reward when the deed is done,

2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1 Where is thy conscience now?

2 In the Duke of Gloucesters purse.

1 So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.

2 Let it goe, there's few or none will entertaine it.

1 How if it come to thee againe?

The Tragedy

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing;
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him :
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a blushing shamefull spirit that mutinies
Irra mans bosome : it fils one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it : it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every
Man that meanes to live well, and endeavours to trust
To himselfe, and live without it.

1. Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the Diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. But I am strong in fraud he cannot preuaile with me ,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare ?

1. Take him ouer the costard with the hilt of my Sword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmsey, but in the next

2. Oh excellent deuice, make a soppe of him. (roome:
1. Harke, he stirs shall I strike ?

2. No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*
Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of Wine.

1. You shall haue Wine enough, my Lord anone.

Cla. In Gods Name what art thou :

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am ; royll.

1. Nor you as we are loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doest thou speake ?

Tell me, who are you ? wherefore came you hither ?

Am. To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me ?

Am. J.

Cla. You scarce haue the heart to tell me so,

And therefore cannot haue the heart to doe it,
Wherin my friends haue I offended you ?

1. Offended

of Richard the Third.

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconciled to him againe,

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent ? what is my offence ?

Where are the euidence to accuse me ?

What lawfull quest hath giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Judge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death,
Before I be conuict by course of Law ?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull ;

I charge you as you hope to haue redemption

By Christ's deare Blood shed for our grieuous sinnes,

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deed you undertake is damnable,

1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command,

2 And he that hath commanded vs is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vassale, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Table of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edit, and fulfill a mans ?

Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.

2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou didst receiuie the holy Sacrament,

To fight the quarrell of the house of *Lankaster*.

1 And like a traytor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnript the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne,

2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree ?

Cla. Alasse, for whose sake did I that illdeed ?

For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake :

VVhy sirs, he sends you not to murder me for this,

For in this sinne he is as deepe as I,

If God will be reuenged for this deed,

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

The Tragedy

He needes no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring braue Plantagenet,
The Princeely Novice was strooke dead by thee.
2 *La.* My brothers loue the Diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the Diuell, and thy fault,
Have brought vs hither now to murder thee.

La. Oh, if you loue my brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well :
If you behirde for neede, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 You are deceived, your brother *Glocester* hates you.

La. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

La. Tell him, when that our Princeely father *Yorke*,
Blesst his three sonnes with his victorious arme ;
And chargd vs from his soule, to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friend ship,
Bid *Glocester* thinke on this, and he will weape.

Am. I milstones, as he lessoneð vs to weepe.

La. O doe not slander him for he is kind.

1 Right as snow in harvest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

La. It cannot be : for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with oþs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.

2 Why so he doth, now he detinnes thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of Heaven.

1 Make peace with God, for you must dye my Lord.

La. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God ;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, for murding me ?
Ah firs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deed, will hate you for this deed ;

2 What

of Richard the Third.

2 What shall we do?

Cla. Relent, and save your soules,

1 Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly sauage, and diuellish.

My friends I spie some pitty in your lookes;

Oh if thy eyes be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and intreate for me:

A begging Prince what begger pities not?

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue *He stabs him*

Ile chop thee in the Malmey but in the next roome.

2 A bloody deed and desperately performd,

How faine would I like *Pilata* wash my hands,

Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.

1 Why doſt thou not helpe me?

By heauen the Duke ſhall know how slacke thou art.

2 I, would he knew that I had fau'd his brother,

Take thou the *fee*, and tell him what I ſay,

For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exits.*

1 So doe not I, goe aoward as thou art;

Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:

And when I haue my meed I muſt away,

For this will out, and here I muſt not ſtay. *Excludo.*

Enter King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, &c.

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke

Your Peares continue the united leaguer,

I euery day expect an Embaſſage

From my Redemer, to redcome me hence:

And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,

Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:

Rivers and *Hastings*, take each other's hand,

Diſemble not your hatred, ſwear your loue.

Ki. By heauen my heart is purged from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thriue I as I ſwear the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,

Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falſehood, and award

Eyther of you to be the others end.

The Tragedy

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfe& loue:

Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.

King. Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beeene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.

Qu. Here *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

Dorf. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnniolerable.

Hasl. And so I swere my Lord.

King. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.

Buck. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a triend,
Deepe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

King. A pleasing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed as we haue spent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peares.

Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne Liege,
Amongst this Princely heape, if any here
By falle intelligence, or wrong surmize,

Hold

of Richard the Third.

Hold me a foe, if I vnuittingly or in my rage,
 Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his freindly peace,
 Tis death to me to be at emnity,
 I hate it and desire all good mens loue.
 First Maddam I intreat peace of you,
 Which I purchase with my dutious seruice.
 Of you my noble coulson *Buckingham*,
 If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
 Of you my Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
 That all withouts deserft haue fround on me.
 Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
 I do not know that Englishman aliue,
 With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
 More then the infant that is borne to night:
 I thanke my God for my humility,

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
 I would to God all strife were well compounded,
 My soueraigne leige I do beseech your Maiesy
 To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.

Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,
 To be thus scornd in this royll presence?
 Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead?
 You doe him iniury to scorne his coarfe. (he is?)

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes

Qn. All seeing heauen, what a wōrd is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord and none in this presence
 But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was neverst.

Glo. But He poore soule by our first order dide,
 And that a winged Mercury did beare,
 Some tardy cuple bore the countermaund,
 That came too laggē to see him buried:
 God graunt that some lessie noble and lessie lōyall,
 Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
 Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet goe currant from suspition. Enter *Darby*.

Da.

The Tragedy

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rite vnlesse your highnesse grant,
Kin. Then speake at once what is it thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (Soueraige) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending on the Duke of *Norfolk*,
Kin. Haue I a tongue to done my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slave;
My brother slew no man, his fault was nought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The swighte *Warwicke*, and did fight forme?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he rescued me,
And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he lapt me
Euen in his owne armes, and gave himselfe
All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?
All this from my remembrance brittish wrath
Sinsfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much gracie to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vassalles
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dearest Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon
And I vnjustly too, must grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: the proudest one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*)
Come *Hastings*, helpe me to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*,
Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse : marke you not
How that the guilty kindred of the *Queene*,
Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death :
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will rewenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

Exeunt.

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our Father dead ?

Dut. No Boy.

(breast)

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat your
And cry, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy sonne ?

Girl. Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head ?
And call vs wretched, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble Father be aliue ?

Dut. My pritty Cosens you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King :
As loth to loose him now your Fathers dead :
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my vncle is too blame for this :
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace Children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot gesse who caused your Fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can : for my good Vnkle *Glocester*,
Told me, the King prouoked by the *Queene*,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kist my cheekes,
And bad me reliе on him as one my Father,
And he would loue me dearely as his Childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne yea and therein my shame :
Yet from my dugs he drew not this decessit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble, Granam ?

Dut. I Boy :

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyse is this ?

The Tragedy

Enter the Queene.

Q. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe;
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

D. What meanes this seeane of rude impatience?

Q. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if dye, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new Kingdome of perpetuall rest.

D. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrores of his Princely semblance,
Are craft in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falle glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And haft the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I,
Then, being but moity of my selfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints, and drowneth thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we ayd you with our kindreds teares?

Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept,

Q. Gine me no helpe in lamentation.
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

of Richard the Third.

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both,both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qn. What stay Had I but *Edward*,and he is gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*,and he is gone?

Dut. What stay had I, but they, and they are gone?

Qn. Was euer widow, had so deare a losse?

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had so deare a losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse

Alasse I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:

She for *Edward* weepes, and so doe I;

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for *Clarence* weepe and so doe I,

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so doe they,

Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrows nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Glo. Maddam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause

To waile the dimming of our shining starre:

But none can cure their harmes by wayling them,

Maddam my mother, I doe cry you mercy,

I did not see yor Grace, humbly on my knees

I crave your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,

Loue, charity, obediencie, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to dye a good old man,

Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing,

I maruell why her Grace did leauue it out?

Buc. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peares,

That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moane,

Now cheare each other in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,

We are to reap the haruest of his sonne:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lastly splinted, knit, and ioynd together,

Must greatly be preserud, cherisht, and kept,

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht

Hither to *London* to be Crownd our King.

Enter
Glocester
with
others.

The Tragedy

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to *Ludlow*?
Maddam, and you my mother will you goe,
To give your sensures in this waighty businesse.

Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt Manet Glo. Bus.*

Bus. My Lord, who euer Journeyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:

For by the way ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we lately talkt of,

To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Colin:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards *Ludlow* then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Cittizens.

1 Neyghbour well met, whether a way so fast?

2 I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1 Heare you the newes abroad?

2 I, that the King is dead.

1 Bad news birlady, seldom comes better,
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troublesome world, *Enter*

3 *Cit.* Good morrow neyghbours. *another*
Doth this newes hold of good King *Edwards* death?

1 It doth. 3 Then masters looke to see a troublesome

1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne. (world.)

3 Wo to that land that's gouerned by a child.

2 In him there is hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well,

1 So stood the case when *Henrie the sixt*
Was crownd at *Paris*, but at nine moneths old.

3 Stood the state so; no good my friend not so,
For then our Land was famously inricht
With politicke graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous uncles to protect his Grace.

2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;

For

of Richard the Third.

For emulation now, who shall be earnest,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred haughty and proud,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This sickly Land might solace as before.

2 Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well,

3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.

When great leavues fall, the winter is at hand :

When the Sunne sets, who doth not looke for night ?

Vntimely stormes makes them expect a dearth :

All men be well: but if God foyt it so,

Tis more then we deserve, or I expect,

1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread,

Yea cannot almost reason with a man,

That looks not heavy and full of feare.

3 Before the time of change still it is so,

By a diuine instinct mens mindes mislvert,

Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,

The waters swell before a boystrous storme,

But leue it all to God: whether away ?

2 We are sent for to the Iustice.

3 And so was I, ile beate you company.

Enter Cardinal, Dutches of Yorke, Queen, young Yorke.

Car. Laftnight I heare they lay at Norhampton,

at Stony-stratford will they be to night,

To morrow or next day will they be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,

I hope he is much growne since I last saw him.

2. But I heare no, they say my Yonne of Yorke

Hath ouertane him in growth.

Yr. I mother, but I would not have it so.

Dx. Why my young cousin, it is good to grow,

Tor Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,

My Uncle Rivers talkt how I did grow

Morehen my brother, I quoth my Uncle Glo.

Small hearbes haue grace, great weeds grow aspace:

And since my thinkes I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

The Tragedy

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obieet the same to thee :
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.

Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt heis.

Dut. I hope so too but yet let Mothers doubt,

Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine)
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did.

Dut. How my piety Yorke : I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry they say, that my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houresold,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.

Dut. I pray thee pritty Yorke, who told thee so ?

Yor. Granam, his Nurse.

Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me,

Qu. A perilous boy, go to thee art too shrewd,

Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.

Qu. Pitchers hath eares. Enter Dorset.

Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques, Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques ?

Dor. Such newes my Lord, as gruiues me to vnfold.

Qu. How fares the Prince ?

Dor. Well Maddam, land in health :

Dut. What is the newes then ?

Dor. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisonered in England.

Dut. Who hath committed them ?

Dor. The Mighty Dukes Gloster and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence ?

Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclofed :

Why or for what these Nobles were committed, on / M
Is all vndeowne to me, my graciouse Lady.

Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,

The Tiger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde :

Insulting tytany begins to iest.

Vpon

of Richard the Third.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death, and masacie,
I see as in a Map the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my tonnes were lost,
For me to ioy and weepe were gaine and losse,
And being seated and domestick broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franticle outrage, end the damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Dut. I le goe along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gracious Lady, goe.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, il refigne vnto your grace,
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come, ile conduct yon to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, Duke of
Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.*

Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome sweet Cosen, my thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Hath made it tedious, wearysome and heawy;
I want more Vncles here to welcome me,

Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguishe of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

The Tragedy

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior. (daies.)

Lo. Ma. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy

Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all,
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way :

Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Hast.*

Buc. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord,

Prin. Welcome my Lord ; what, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I :

The Queene your mother, and your brother *Yorke*

Hath taken Sanctuary : The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meeet your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiish course

Is this of hers ? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace

Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*

Vnto his Princely brother presently ?

If shee deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,

And from her ialous armes, plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory

Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*

Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate

To milde intreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,

Would I be guilty of so great a sinne,

Buc. You are too fencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonius and traditionall :

Weigh it but with the greatnessse of his age,

You breakenot Sanctuary in seazing him :

The benefit whereof is alwayes granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place,

This Prince hath neyther claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

of Richard the Third.

Thentake him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor Charter there :
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children neuer till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once ?
Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me ?

Hast. I goe my Lord.

Exit. Car. & Hast.

Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may :
Say Vnkle *Glocester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation ?

Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your roiall selfe :
If I may counsell you some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower :
Then were you please as shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the Tower of any place,
Did *Iullius Cæsar* build that place my Lord ?

Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.

Prin. Is it vpon record or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it ?

Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say my Lord it were not registerd,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As t'were retaile to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wile, so young, they say do nener liue long.

Prin. What say you Vnkle ?

Glo. I say without Characters fame liues long :
That like the formall vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Iullius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue :
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life :
He tell you what, my Cousen *Buckingham*.

Buc. What my gracious Lord ?

Prin. And if I lie vntill I be a man.

The Tragedy

If e winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short summers likely haue a forward spring.
Enter young Torke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke,

Prin. Richard of Yorke how fares our noble brother:

Tor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our grieve, as it is yours:

Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie,

Glo. How faires our consernoble Lord of Yorke.

Tor. I thanke you gentle Vnkle; O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath ouer growne me farre.

Glo. Hee hath my Lord.

Tor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.

Tor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Tor. I pray you vncle give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger little cousen, withall my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Tor. Of my kind Vnkle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is nogift, to giue,

Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my cousen.

Tor. A greater gift, O thats the Sword to it.

Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.

Tor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.

Tor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord.

Tor. I woud that I might thinke you as you call me.

Glo. How? Yorke, Little.

Prin. My L. of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnkle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Tor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vnkle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape.

He thinkes that you should beare me one your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giues his vacle,

He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:

So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo. wilt pleale you passe along?

My selfe and my good cousin *Buckingham*,

Will to your mother, to intreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What will you go vnto the Tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord protector will haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why what should you feare?

Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:

My graham told me, he was murdred there,

Prin. I feare no vncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord, with a heauy heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hastings. M. B. B. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my L. this little prating *Yorke*,

Was not incenced by his subtile mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perious boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,

He is all the mothers from the top to the toe.

Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrgd vpon the way:

What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter

To make *William L. Hastings* of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

Cat. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

The Tragedy

Cat. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buc. Well then no more but this:

Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And give vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels
Wherein thy selfe shall highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to L. William tell him Catesby
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle M^r Share one gentle kisse the more.

Buc. Good Catesby effect this busynesse soundly.

Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord. Exit Catesby,

Glo. At Crosby place there shall you find vs both.

Buc. Now my Lord, what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord Hastings will not yeild to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the moouables,
Whereof the King my brother stod possest.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
we may digest our complots in some forme

Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley. *Enter Lo. Hastings.*

Hast. Whats a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke offoure.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious night?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First

of Richard the Third.

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

Hast. And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word
He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that many be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Hast. Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels ;
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby* :
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancy,
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers.
To stie the Boare before the Boare persues vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuit where he did meane to chase :
Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vs kindly,

Mes. My gracious Lord, ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrows to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby* : you are early stirring,
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleue twill never stand vpright
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How ? weare the Garland? dost thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. *(Crownē?*

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine cut from my shoul-
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplast ; *(ders,*
But canst thou guesse that he doth ayme at it ?

Cat. Vpon my life my L, and hopes to find you forward

The Tragedy

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good news :
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must dye at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for this news,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies :
But that ile glie my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my masters heires in true defent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I live to looke vpon their tragedy :

I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing that yet thinkes not one it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to dye my gracious Lord
When men are vnpreadard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so it falleth out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doe
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do and I haue well defernd it,

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow : good morrow *Catesby* :
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these feuerall counsels.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,
VVas it more precious to methen it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and supposid their states was sure,

And

of Richard the Third.

And indecede had no caue to mistrust :
 But yet you see how soone the day o'recast,
 This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
 Pray God I say, I prove a needlesse coward,
 But come my Lord shall we to the Tower ?

Hast. I go : but stay, heare you not the newes ?
 This day th'o men you talke of are beheaded,

Sra. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
 Then some that haue accused them weare their hats:
 But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Stanley, & Cas.*

Hast. Go you before Ile follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Pursuivant.

Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask?

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
 Then when I met thee last where now we meeete
 Then was I going prisoner to the Tower.
 By the suggestion of the Queenes allies :
 But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
 This day thoso enemies are put to death,
 And I in better stater then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content:

Hast. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.

He gives him his purse.

Pur. God save your Lordship. *Exit Pur.* *Enter a Priest.*

Hast. What Sir John, you are well met :
 I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise :
 Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

Enter Buckingham. (in his care)

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
 Your friends at Pomfret they doe need the Priest. (Priest)
 Your Honour hath no striuing workein hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
 Those men you talke of, came into my minde :
 What, go you to the Tower my Lord ?

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
 I shall retурne before your Lordship thence,
Hast. Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.
Buc. And supper too although thou knowest it not :

Come

The Tragedy

Come shall we goe along ?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Rivers
Gray and Vaughan, prisoners

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this :
To day thou shalt behold a subiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the packe of you :
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O Pomfert, Pomfret. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares :
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second heere was hackett to death :
And for more slander to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Gray. Now Margrets curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabb'd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne :
Be satisfied deare God with our truebloods.
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out,
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meeete in heauen. Exeunt:

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the caufe why we are met,
Isto determine of the Coronation.

In Gods Name say when is this royll day ?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royll time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

Biſb. To morrow then, I geſſe a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein ?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke ? (his mind.)

Biſb. Why you my L. me thinks you ſhould ſoonerſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord ? we know each others faces :

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours : nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

of Richard the Third.

Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well :
But for his purpose in the Coronation
I haue not founded him , nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein :
But you my Lord may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile give my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bisb. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My noble Lord, and couens all good morrow,
I haue beeene long a sleepe , but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great desigues,
Which by my presence might haue beeene conchidied.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part :
I meane your voyce from Crowning of the King,

Glo. Then my *L. Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of *Elie.*

Bisb. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberies in you Garden there,
I doe beseech you send for some of them.

Bisb. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royalty of *Englands Throane*.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my *L.* Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone :
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be , were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie. (berries.)

Bisb. Where is my *L. Protector*, I haue sent for these straw,

G

Hast.

The Tragedy

Hast. His grace lookes chearefully and smooth to daye,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome;
That can leesse bide his loue or hate then he :
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Hast. Marry that with no man heere he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do confpire my death with diuelish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild ?
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes ?

Hast. The tender loue I beare your grāce my Lord
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be :
I say my Lord they haue deserued death,

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.

Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet
Telst thou me of ells ? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head : Now by Saint *Paul*,
I will not dine to day I swere,
Vntill I see the same , some see it done :
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet Hast.*
Hast. Wo,wo,for *England*,not a whit for me. *Ca.*with *Hast.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this :
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdained it and did scorne to hie,
Three times to day my foote cloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he lookt upon the Tower.

of Richard the Third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-houſe.
 Oh now I warrant the Priest that ſpake to me,
 I now repente I told the Pursuant,
 As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
 How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
 And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour,
 Oh Margret, Margret, now thy heauy curse
 Is lightned on poore Hastings wretched head.

Cat. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
 Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Hast. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
 Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
 Who builds his hopes in the ayre of your faire lookeſ,
 Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
 Ready with euerie nod to tumble downe
 Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
 Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head.
 They ſmile at me, that ſhortly shall be dead

*Exeunt.**Enter Duke of Glouceſter, and Buckingham, in armour.*

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quake and change thy colonc:
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
 As if thou werſ deſtruct and mad with terror,

Buc. Tut feare not me,
 I can counterfeiſt the deepe Traiedian,
 Speake and looke backe and prie on euery ſide;
 Intending deepe ſuſpition gaſtly lookeſ
 Are at my ſeruice like enforſed ſmiles,
 And both are ready in their offiſes
 To graue my Stratagems.

*Enter Maior.**Glo.* Here comes the Maior*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. L.Maior*Glo.* Looke to the draw-bridge there.*Buc.* The reaſon we haue ſent for you.*Glo.* Catesby ouer-looke the walles.*Buc.* Harke, I heare a drumme.*Glo.* Looke backe defend thee, here are enemies*Buc.* God and our innocence defend vs.*Glo.* O, O, be quiet it is Catesby.

The Tragedy

Enter Catesby, with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traytor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings,

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man that I must weepe :
I tooke him for the playnest harmelesse man,

That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:

Looke ye my Lord Maior :

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The History of all her secret thoughts :

So smooth he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted;

I meane his conuerstation with Shores wife,
He layd from all attainder of suspect.

Buc. Well, well, he was the conuerst sheltred traytor
That ene liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleuee, were it no by great preseruation
We lieue to tell it you ? the subtle traytor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me and my good Lord Gloucester.

Ma. What had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we should against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perrill of the case,
The peace of England and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution ?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traytors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistris Shore.

Glo. Yet had not we determinid he should dye
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traytor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto

of Richard the Third.

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and waile his death.

Ma. My good Lord your gracious word shall serue
As well, as if I had seene or heard him speake :
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wiȝt your Lordship here,
To auoyd the carping censures of the world.

Buc. But since you came to late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. After, after, cousin Buckingham, *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all post,
There at your meekest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edwards* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he woulde make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.
Moreover, vrge his hatefull luxury,
And beastly appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauge heart,
Without controle listed to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, whenthat my mother went with child
Ofthat vnsatiat *Edward*, noble *Torke*,
My Princely father thenhad warres in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father,
But touch this sparingly as it were farre of,
Because you know my Lord, my brother lies.

Buc. Feare not my Lord, ile play the Orator
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to *Baynards Castle*,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

The Tragedy

With reverend Fathers, and well learned Bisshops.

Buc. About three or four a clocke looke to heare
What new's Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuy order *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brates of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time, haue recourse vnto the Princes.

Exit.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.
This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd.
That it may be this day red ouer in *Pauls*:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen hours I spent to writ it ouer,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fve hours liu'd Lord Hastings
Vntainted, vnexamined : free at liberty :
Here's a good world the while, Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice ?
Yet who's so blind that sayes he sees it not ?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought: *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what sayes the Citizens ?

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of Edwards Children ?

Buc. I did, with the infatiat greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in forme and noblenesse of mind:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory grew to end,

I bad

of Richard the Third.

I bid them that lounes their Countries good,
Cry God saue *Richard* Englands roiall King,

Glo. A, and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,

But like dumbe statuies or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them:

And askt the Maior what meanes this wilfull silencie?

His answere was the people were not wont

To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd;

But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:

When he had done, some followers of mine owne

At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,

And some tenvoyces cryed, God saue King *Richard*

Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,

This generall applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wildome and your loue to *Richard*:

And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they

Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (not speake?)

Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?

Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend some feare,

Be not spoken withall, but with mighty sute:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt to Church-men good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile build a holy descent:

Be not easie wonne to our request:

Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Fear not me, if thou canst plead as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt weeble bring it to a happy issye.

Buc. You shall see what I can do, get vp to the leads. *Ex.*

Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby*

Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes he?

Cat. My Lord he doth intreat your grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day;

The Tragedy

He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good.
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile tell him what you say my Lord.

Exit.

Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward* :
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation :
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines :
Not sleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to iſrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince :
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.

Ma. Marry God for bid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay?

Enter *Catesby*.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*.
What ſayes your Lord ?

Cat. My L. he wonderſto what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeakē with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before :
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sorry I am my noble couſen ſhould
Šuſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loyaltē to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace :
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter *Rich*, and two *Bifhops* aſſet.

Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.

Buc. Two propeſ of vertue for a Christian Prince :
To stay him from the fall of vanity,

of Richard the Third.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favorable eares to my request:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, thereneeds no such Apology.
I rather doe beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Negle & the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?

Buc. Euen that I hope which pleasest God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.

Glo. I doe suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:

Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please your grace
At our intreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resign
The Supreame Seate, the throane maiesticall,
The Scepter office of your Ancestors.
The lincall glory of your royll House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilst in the middenesse of your sleepy thoughts,
Whicheere we waken to your Countries good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with stars of infamy,
And almost sholdred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfullnesse and darke oblivion:
Which to recouer we hartily solicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty thereof,
Not as Prosector, Steward, Substitute,
Nor lowly factor for an others gaine?
But as successuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Empary, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by there vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence.

The Tragedy

Or bitterly to speake in your reproose,
Best fits my degree, or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnessse,
Being a barke to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greatnessse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked thers no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of Maiestie;
And make, no doubt, vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy starres,
Which God defend that I should wryng from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So sy we too but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contracted to Lady Lucy,
Your mother liues a witnessse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To Bona sister to the King of France,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchase of his luitfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declencion loathed bigamy,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

of Richard the Third.

This Edward, whom our manner terme the Prince :
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Saue that for reverence to so ne aliu
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue :
 Then good my Lord, take to your roiall selfe,
 This proffered benefit of dignitie ?
 If not to blesse vs and the Land withall.
 Yet to draw out your roiall stocke,
 From the corruption of a busie time,
 Vnto a lineall true deriuued course.

May. Doe good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Glo. Alas, why shold you heape those cares on me,
 I am vnsit for state and dignitie :

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot nor I will not yeild to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
 Loth to depose the child your brothers sonne,
 As well we know your tendernessee of heart,
 And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
 Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
 And equally indeed to all estates,
 Yet whether you except our suit or no,
 Your brothers son shall neuer raigne our King,
 But we will plant some other in the Throne,
 To the disgrace and downefall of your house :
 And in this resolution here I leauie you,
 Come Citizens, zounds; ile intreat no more.

Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Cat. Call them againe my Lord, and accept their suite.

Ano. Do good my Lord, least all the Land do rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care ?
 Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,
 But penetrable to your kind intents,
 Albeit against my conscience, and my soule ;
 Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage graue men,
 Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
 To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
 I must haue patience to endure the loade.

The Tragedy

But if blacke scandall or so foule fact reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure plots and stains thereof,
For God he knows and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

Mas. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live King Richard, Englands roiall King.

Mas. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be Crown'd?

Glo. When you will, since you will haue it so.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good cousin, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marguerite
Dorset, at one doore, Dutches of Gloucester
at another doore.*

Qm. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qm. Sister well met, whether away so fast?

Dut. *Glo.* No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To grataulat the tender Princes there.

Qm. Kind sister thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leauue,
How fares the Prince?

Lien. Well Maddam and in health, but by your leauue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged to the contrary.

Qm. The King, why who is that?

Lien. I cry you mercy, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qm. The Lord protest him from that kingly title:
Hath he set bonds betwixt there loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.

Dut. *Glo.* Their Aunt I am in law in loue their mothers.

Then

of Richard the Third.

Then feare not thou, ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee on my perill.

Liou. I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by ~~oath~~, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies at an houre hence;
And ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerend looker one, of two faire Queenes.
Come Maddam, you must goe with me to Westminister,
There to be Crowned Richards royll Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this deadlikeing news.

Dor. Maddam haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogs thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerstrip death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with Richmond from the race of hell,
Goehie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of Margrete's curse,
Not mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Maddam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meet you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.

Dur.Yor. O ill dispersing wind of misery,
O my accursed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hast thou haignt to the world,
Whose vnauyded eye is murderous.

Stan. Come Maddam, I in all hast was sent for.

Dus. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of goulden mettall that must round my brow,
Were red hot steele to feare me to the braine,
Anoynted let me be with deadly poysion,
And die ere man can say God save the Queene.

The Tragedy

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my humour wish thy selfe no harme.

Dur. Gla. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed *Henries* Course,
When the blood was scarce washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I looke on *Richards* face,
This was my wifh, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so old a widdow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be so bad
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Lo euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crosly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames.
Besides he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pity thy complaints.

Dur. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours.

Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.

Dur. Glo. Adue poore soule thou takest thy leane of it,

D. Yer. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,

Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,

I to my grane, where peace and rest lye with me,

Eyghty old yeares of sorrow haue I feene,

And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

*The trumpetes sound. Enter Richard Crowned, Bucking-
ham, Catesby, with other Nobles.*

King. Stand all apart. Cousin of *Buckingham*,

Give me thy hand.

Here he ascends his Throne.

Thus

of Richard the Third.

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy affistance is King Richard seated :
But shall we weare these honours for a day ?
Or shall they last and we reioyce in them ?

Buc. Still liue they, and forever may they last.

Ki. O Buckingham now I doe play the touch,
To try if thou be currant Gold indeed :

Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say

Buc. Say on my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege,

King. Ha : am I King ? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should liue true noble Prince,
Cousin thou wert not wont to be so dull,
Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddainly performd,
What faiest thou ? speake suddenly , be briefe,

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

King. Tut,tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buc. Give me some breath my Lord,

Before I positively speake herein :

I will resolute your grace imediately.

Cat. The King is angry see he bites his lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witty fooles,
And vnrespective Boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eyes :

Boy. High reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord.

King. Know' st thou not any whom corrupting Gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes matcht not his haughty mind.
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name ?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrel.

King

The Tragedy

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby

How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts be yond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat. My Lord.*

King. Rumor this abroad.
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close;
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him;
Looke how thou dreamest; I say againe, give ou
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it standis me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse.
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Uncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne pluckes on sinne,
Teares falling, pitty dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel, & your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Darst thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord but I had rather kill two deepe enemies

King. Why there thou hast it, to deepe enemies.

Foesto my rest that my sweet sleepe disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon;

Tirrel. I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meapes to come to them,

of Richard the Third.

And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.

Kin. Thou singst sweet musicke, Come hither *Tirrell*,
Goby that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers
Tis no more but so, say, is it done ? in his care.*
And I will loue thee, and prefer thee too.

Tir. Tis done my good Lord.

Kin. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe ?

Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did found me in.

Kin. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare that news my Lord.

Kin. *Stanley*, he is your wiues sonne : Well, looke to it.

Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawnd,
The Earl dome of *Herford*, and the moueables,
The which you promised I shoulde posseste,

Kin. *Stanley*, looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it,

Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demand ?

Kin. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuiish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I shoulde kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.

Kin. *Richmond*, Wh伦last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewd me the Castle,
And called it *Rugemount*, at which name I started,
Because a Lord of *Ireland* told me once,
I shoulde not liue long after I saw *Richmond*.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin. I, Whats a clocke ?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promisd me.

Kin. Well, but whats a clocke ?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of 10.

The Tragedy

King. Well, let it strike.

Eue. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Jacke thou keepest the stroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the givine vaine to day.

Eue. Why then resolute me whether you will or no?

Fiz. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Ex.

Bre. Is it even so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone
To Breckrooke, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of pitious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villains bloody dogs,
Melting with tendernesse and compassion,
wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest* girding one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a Italke,
When n there summer beauty kist each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forrest* almost changd my mind,
But O the duell I there the villaine stopt,
Whilst *Dighton* thus told, one we smothered,
The most replenisht sweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he fram'd,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind Tirrel, and I happy in thy new's?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your h'ppynesse, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King:

Chapman. W.
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of Richard the Third.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me Tirrell soone after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy desire, *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pend vp close,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The sons of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goo night:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,
To her I goe A iolly thriuing wooer, *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.

King. Good news, or bad, that thou commest so bluntly?

Cat. Bad news my Lord, El, is fled to Richmond
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

King. Else with Richmond troubles me more
Then Buckingham and his rash leueld army:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenung,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snale-paſt beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Come muster men, my counſaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines fily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence

The Tragedy

Will prove as bitter, blacke and tragical,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes here.

Enter the Queen, and the Dukes of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airy wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Q. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from iuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.

Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall living Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vslurpt,
Reft their vrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Unlawfully made drunke, with innocents bloed.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries bath crazd my *vyses*.
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Giu mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.

Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpſt to kill him:

Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him,
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

of Richard the Third.

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
 That Dog that had his teeth before his eyes
 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood,
 That foule defacer of Gods handy-worke,
 Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to our graues,
 O vpright, just, and true disposing God,
 How do I thanke thee, for this carnall Cur
 Preyes on the issue of his Mothers body,
 And make her pewfellow with others moanie.

Dst. O *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,
 God witnesse with me I hane wept for thee.

Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it :

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
 Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
 Young *Tork*, he is but boote, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my losse:
 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
 And the beholders of this tragicke play,
 The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rinors*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*:
 Vntimely smothered in their dusky graues,
Richard yet liues, helpe blacke intelligencer,
 Onely reserved their factor to buy soules,
 And lende them thither, but at hand,
 Ensues his pitious, and vnpitied end,
 Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray
 To haue him suddenly conveyed away.
 Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,
 That I may lieue to say, the Dog is dead.

Q. Mar. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
 That I shoulde wif for thee to helpe me curse
 That botteid spider, that foule hunch-backt Toad.

Q. Mar. I cald thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,
 I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
 The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
 One heau'd a high to be hurl'd downe below,
 A mother onely mockt with two sweet babes,
 A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

The Tragedy

A signe of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, God save the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of justice whel'd about.
And left me but a very prey to time,
Having no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didst usurpe my place, and dost thou not
Urpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, eu'en here, I slip my wearied neoke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorke's* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes will make me smile in *France*,

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q.M. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse make the bad cause worser,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q.M. Thy woes will make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dst. Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery succeeds of intestate joyes,

of Richard the Third.

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope though what they do impart
Helpē not all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so then be not young-tide, goe with me.
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smotherd.
I heare his Drum, be copious in exclaims.

*Enter King Richard, marching with Drums,
and Trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done,

Qu. Haſt thou that forehead with a golden Crowne,
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers :
Tell me thou villaine ſlauē, where are my children?

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike alarum Drums,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted, Strike I ſay. *The trumpets sound.*
Eyther be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drownd your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Maddam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reprooфе,

Dut. I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in hault.

Dut. Art thou ſo hauſte I haue layd for thee,
God knows in anguift, paine, and agonie.

King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy rood thou knowſt it well,

Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell;

The Tragedy

A grieuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and waiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daiies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proude, subtile, bloody trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer graced me in thy company?

Kin. Faith none but *Humphreys* house, that cald your
To breakefast once forth of my company? (Grace
If it be so grieous in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you grace.

Dur. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
Kin. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dur. Eyther thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from this wane thou turne a conquerour
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And never looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst
My prayers on the aduersie party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art, and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.

Kin. Stay Maddam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royll blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying Nunnies, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,

Kin. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royll and gratiouse.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter

I will

of Richard the Third.

I will confess she was not Edwards daughter.

Kin. Wrong not her birth, she is of roiall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.

Kin. Her life is onely safet in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safety dyed her brothers.

Kin. Loe at their births good starres are opposit.

Qu. Noto their lives bad friends were contrary.

Kin. All vnaoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True when auoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destind to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Kin. Maddam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of ho-
As I intend more good to you and yours, (stile armes,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.

Qu. What good is couered with the face of Heauen,
To be discouered that can do me good.

Kin. The aduancement of your children mighty Lady,

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

Kin. No, to the dignity, and height of honour,
The height imperiall type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrows with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignity what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine.

Kin. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thoudrownd the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

Kin. Then know that from my soule I loue my daughter,

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

Kin. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee for it.

Kin. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

The Tragedy

Q. Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?

Q. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Maddam?

Q. How canst thou woe her?

King. I hat I would learne of you,
As one that were best aquainted with her humor,

Q. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Maddam with all my heart.

Q. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometimes *Margret*
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe steeped in *Ruylands* blood
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle *Clarence*,
Her Vnkle *Rivers*, yea and for her sake
Madeft quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.

Q. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldest put on some other shapes,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.

Q. Which she shall purchace with still lasting warre.

King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.

Q. That at her hands which the Kings king forbidd.

King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Q. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Q. But how long shall that title euer last?

King. Sweetly in force vnto her faire lines end,

Q. But how long fairely shall that title last?

King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

Q. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

King. Say I her Soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Q. But she your subiect loths such Soueraignty,

King.

of Richard the Third.

Kin. Beeloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

Kin. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine, and not honest is to harsh a stile,

Kin. Maddam your reasons are too shallow and too

Qu. O no, my reasons are to deepe and dead: (quicke,

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake,

Kin. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonou'd, and the third vsurped.

Kin. I sweare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,

The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy honour:

The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:

The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his Kingly dignity,

If nothing thou wilt sweare to be belieued,

Sweare then by something that thou haft not wrong'd,

Kin. Now by the world.

Qu. Tis full of thy soule wrongs.

Kin. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonour'd.

Kin. I hen by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misused.

Kin. Why then by God.

Qu. Gods wroting is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,

The vniuty the King thy brother made,

Had not beeene broken, nor my brother flaine.

If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,

The imperiall metall circling now my brow,

Had grac't the tender temples of my child,

And both the Princes had beeene breathing here,

Which now two tender playfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith had made a prey for wormes.

Kin. By the time to come.

Qu. I hat thou hast wrong'd, in time brepast,

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,

The children liue, whose parents thou haft slaughtered,

The Tragedy

Vngouerd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents line whose children thou hast butchered;
Old wither'd plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere used, by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound.
Day yeild me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her consisteth my happiness and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me.

To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay.

It cannot be auoyded but by this:
It will not be auoyded but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I haue beeene,
Nor by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish fond in deepe designes,

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?

King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe?

King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selues.

Qu. But thou didst kill my children,

King. But in your daughters wombe ile bury them,
Wherinat that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selues of themselves to your recomfiture.

Qu. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother in the deed.

Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true loues kisse farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*

Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

of Richard the Third.

Rideth a puissant Navy: To the shore,
Throng many doubtful hollow hearted friends,
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull expecting but the ayd,
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them to shiore.

King. Some light-foote friend post to the D.of *Norfolk*.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Cat. Here my Lord.

King. Flye to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou commest there, dull vnmindfull villaine
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

Cat. First mighty soueraigne let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuere him.

King. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leauie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*.

Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shall do at *Salis-*

King. Why, what shouldst thou doe there before I goe?

Rat. Your highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what news with you? *Enter Darby.*

Dar. None good my Lord to please you with hearing,
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

King. Hoyday a riddle neyther good nor bad:
Why doſt thou runne ſo many miles about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more, what news?

Dar. *Richard* is on the feas.

King. There let him ſinke, and be the feas on him,
White loured runnagate, what doth he there?

Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by gueſſe

King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe.

Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to clayme the Crowne,

King. Is the chaire empty? Is the fword vnlwaide?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoffeſſeſt?
What heire of *Yorke* is their aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorke's* heire?

K 3 Then

The Tragedy

Then tell me, what doth he vpon the seas?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege I cannot guesse.

Kin. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilst revolt and flye to him I feare.

Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

Kin. Where is thy power now to beat them backe?
Where art thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Kin. Cold frindsto Richard, what do they in the North?
When they should serve their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not bin commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiestie, to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?

Kin. I,I, thou wouldest be gon to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not trust you sir.

Dar. Most mighty soueraigne,
You haue no cauile to hold my friendship doubtfull
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false. (hind

Kin. Well, goe muster thy men; but heare you, leaue be
Your son George Stanley, locke your fayth be firme:
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughty Prelate.
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many more conederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And every houre, more competitors
Flocke to their ayd, and still their power encreaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of Buckingham.

He strikes him.

King.

of Richard the Third.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.

Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of walers,
The Duke of Buckinghams army is disperst and scattered :
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercy I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him ;
Hath any well aduis'd friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham* ?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Lovell, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine Nauy is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no :
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his party : he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for *Brittaine*.

Kin. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemyes,
Yet to bare downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Car. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royll battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
So *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I revolt off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

The Tragedy

But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now ?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Hensford, west in Wales.
Dar. What men of name resort to him ?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne unto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolute him of my mind,
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him ?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Rivers, Gray
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes is it not ?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false fayth of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

of Richard the Third.

To turne their points on their maisters bosome ;
 Now Margret's curse is fallen vpon my head,
 When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margret was a prophetesse.
 Come sirs , conuey me to the blocke of shame,
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame,

Enter Richmond with Drumes and Trumpets.

Rich-Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
 Bruild vnderneath the yoake of tyranny,
 Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
 Haue we marcht on without impediment :
 And heere receiuie we from our Father Stanley,
 Lines of faire comfort, and encouragment,
 The wretched , bloody , and usurping boare,
 That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
 Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
 In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine
 Lies now euuen in the center of this Ile,
 Neere to the Towne of Leicester as we learne :
 From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march:
 In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends.
 To reape the harvest of perpetuall peace,
 By this one bloody tryall of sharpe warre.

1 Lor. Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

2 Lor. I doubt not but his friends will flye to vs:

3 Lor. He hath no friends but what are friends for feare
 Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our aduantage, then in Gods name march,
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallows wings,
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter King Richard, Nor.Ratcliffe,Catesby,with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euuen here in Bosworth field.
 Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad ?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.

King. Norfolke come hither :

Norfolke we must haue knockes, ha must we not ?

Nor. We must both giue and take my gracious Lord.

King. Up with my tent, here will I lye to night,

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But where to-morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe;

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Besides that, a Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse party want:
Up with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Gives signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembroke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And give him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Upon my life my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.

Give me some Inke and paper in my Tent,
I'll draw the forme and mode of our battell,
Limit each leader to his severall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult vpon the morrowes busynesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

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of Richard the Third.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper-time.

Kin. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and Paper
What is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armour layd into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse,

Kin. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

Kin. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord,

Kin. *Catesby*.

Rat. My Lord.

Kin. Send out a Purseuant at arnes

To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of Wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staves be sound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*

Rat. My Lord.

Kin. Sawest thou the melancholly *L. Noribumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and himselfe.
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.

Kin. S_b I am satisfied, giue me a boule of Wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Kin. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midſt of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say. *Exit Rat.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory fit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesſe thee from thy mother,
Who prayes continually for *Richmonds* good

The Tragedy

So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darkneise breakes within the East,
In brieue, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of b'ody strokes and mortall stiring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers fight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowed of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Whiche so long hundred friends should dwell vpon
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow:
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt*,
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The ysurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chasciment:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still;

*Enter the ghost of Prince Edward, sonne to Henry the 6,
Ghost to K.Ric.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury: dispaire and dye.
To Rich. Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules
Of

of Richard the Third.

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the 6. (body,

Ghost to K. Richard. When I was mortall my annoynted
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me; despaire and die,
Harry the sixt bids thee despaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and hol^y, be thou conqueror,
Harry that Prophesied thou shouldest be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome Wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, despaire and die.

To Rich. Thou off ſpring of the houſe of *Lancaster*
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that died at *Pomfret*, despaire and dye.

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy launce, despaire and die,
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Richards* bo-
Will conquer him, awake and win the day. (some,

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.

Thinke on Lord *Hastings* despaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake,

Enter the Ghost of two young Princes.

Ghost. Dreame on, thy couſins smothered in the Tower
Let vs be layd within thy bosome *Richard*,
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,
Thy Nephews soules bid thee despaire and die.

To Ri. Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.

The Tragedy

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Lye and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe, and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Painting dispaire, dispairing yeild thy breath.

To Rich. I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* falleth in height of all his pride.

K. Richard started out of his dreame.

K. Rich. Give me another horse, bind vp my woundes:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes, I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Leaft I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

of Richard the Third.

O no : alas I rather hate my selfe,
 For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe :
 I am a vilaine , yea , I lye I am not.
 Foole of thy selfe speake well foole doe not flatter,
 My conscience hath a thousand feuerall tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a feuerall tale.
 And every tale condemnes me for a vilaine :
 Periury , in the highest degree,
 Murder, heire murder , in the dyreste degree,
 All feuerall sinnes , all vnde in each degree,
 Throng all to the Boare , crying all guilty, guilty,
 I shall dispaire there is no creature loues me,
 And if I die , no soule shall pittie me ?
 And wherefore should they ? since that I my selfe,
 Find in my selfe , no pitty to my selfe.
 Me thought the soules of all that I haue murdere
 Canie to my Tent , and euery one did threat
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

*Enter Ratcliffe.**Rat.* My Lord.*King.* Zounds , who is there ?

Rat. My Lord tis I : the early village Cocks,
 Haue thrice done salutation to the morne,
 Your friends are vp , and bickle on their armour,
King. O Ratcliffe , I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
 What think'ſt thou , will our friends proue all true ?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.*King.* O Ratcliffe I feare , I feare,*Rat.* Nay good my Lord be not afraid of shadowes,

King. By the Apostle *Paul* , shadowes to night
 Haue strooke more terrors to the soule of *Richard*,
 Then can the substance often thousand Souldiers
 Armed in prooife , and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
 Vnder our Tents , Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
 To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me,

*Exeunt.**Enter the Lords to Richmonds.**Lords.* Good morrow *Richmond*.*Rich.*

The Tragedy

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue fane a tardy sluggard heere.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How faire into the mourning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of four.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and give direction.
More then I haue said, loving country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers,*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this;
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulworke stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow
For what is he they follow? truly gentleman,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
On raised in bloud, and on in bloud established;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him;
A bace foule stome, made precious by the soyle
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy.
God will in iustice reward you as his Souldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countrys foes,
Your countries fat shall pay your paines the hire,
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then

of Richard the Third.

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 Aduanze your standards, draw your willing Swords
 For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold corps on the Earths cold face :
 But if I thrine, the gaine of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof,
 Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
 God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victory.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What sayd Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never train'd vp in Armes.

King. He sayd the truth, and what said Surrey then.

Rat. He smil'd and sayd, the better for our purpose.

King He was in the right, and so indeed it is :

Tell the Clocke there.

The Clocke striketh.

Ghe me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day ?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the Booke,
 He shold haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
 A blacke day will it be to some body.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
 The skie doth frowne and lower vpon our Army,
 I wold these dewy teares were from the ground,
 Not shine to day, why, what is that to me
 More then to Richmond for the selfe-same heauen
 That frownes on me lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come bustle, bustle, caparisen my Horse,
 Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
 I will lead forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
 And thus my battell shall be ordered.

My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
 Consisting equally of Horse and Foote.

Our Archers shall be placed in the midſt,

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
 Shall haue the leading of the Foote and Horse,
 They thus directed, we will follow

The Tragedy

In the maine battell, whose puissance on eyther side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt Horse?

This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou not.

Nor. A good direcſion warlike Soueraigne, *He ſloweth him a paper.*
This found I one my Tent this morning.

Lockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen every man vnto his charge,
Let not our babbling dreames affright our soules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuifeſde at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, our ſwords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inſerfd, *to his Army.*

Remember who you are in cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcols, and run-awayes,
A ſcum of Britaines, and base Lackey Peſants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and affur'd deſtruſion,
You ſleeping ſafe they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beauituous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paſtry fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our mothers coſt,
A milke-ſop one that neuer in hiſ life
Felt ſo muſch cold as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Letſ whip theſe ſtraglers ore the Seas agiine,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh beggers weary of their liues.
VWho but for dreaming on thiſ fond exploit,
For want of meaneſ poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conqueſted let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Britaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall theſe enioy our land, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I heare there Drum,

of Richard the Third.

Fight Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly Yeomen
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head.
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welking with your broken staves,
What sayes Lord *Stanley* will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.

Kin. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the marsh,
After the batteil let *George Stanley* dye.

Kin. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory sits on our helmes.

Alarum excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolk*, rescew, rescew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring and opposite to every danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*

Kin. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my *Lord*, ile helpe you to a horse.

Kin. Slauie I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazzard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Five haue I slaine to day instead of him.

A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse,

Alarum. Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain, then retreat being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.

Rich. God and your armes be prayled victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious *Richard*, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heauen say Amen to all,

The Tragedy

But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester towne*,

Whether ift please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. VVhat men of name are flaine on eyther side?

John Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, sir

Robert Brokenbury, sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,

Proclaine a pardon to the souldiers fled,

That in submision will retурне to vs,

And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,

VVe will vnite the white rose and the red.

Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,

That long hath frown'd vpon their emnity.

What traytor heares me, and sayes not Amen?

England hath long bin mad, and scard her selfe,

The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,

The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,

The sonne compeld being butcher to the father,

All this diuided *Yorke and Lancaster*,

Diuided in their dire diuision.

O now let *Richmond*, and *Elizabeth*,

The true succedeers of each royll house,

By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,

And let their heires (God if they will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace

With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,

Abate the edge of traytors gracious Lord

That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,

And make poore *England* weepe in stremes of blood,

Let them not live to taste this lands increase,

That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,

Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,

That she may long liue here, God say Amen.

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